A LITANY FOR LENT.

FROM *Villainy* dress'd in the Doublet of *Zeal*,
From Three Kingdoms bak'd in one *Commonwealth*,
From a Pack of *State-Vultures*, that cheat, lye and steal.
Libera nos, &c.

From a *Chancery Writ*, and a *Whip* and a *Bell*,
From a Justice of Peace that never cou'd spell,
From the great *Flying-Horse* and the Vicar of Hell.
Libera nos, &c.

From two Hours Talk without one Word of Sense,
From *Liberty* still in the Future Tense,
From a *Parliament*'s long-wasted Conscience.
Libera nos, &c.

From a Sawcy *Crown-Tenant*, the *Rump*'s lawful Brother,
From damnable *Members*, and Fits of the *Mother*,
From Ears, like *Heath* Oysters, that grin at each other.
Libera nos, &c.

From

From a Preacher at large, and a Church with no Steeple,
From th' unlimited Sovereign Pow'r of the People,
From a Kingdom that crawls on its Knees like a Cripple.
Libera nos, &c.

From Jarrings that tend to Diviſion and Blood,
From Rogues that would ruin us all for our good,
And the Peace of the Land have for ever withſtood.
Libera nos, &c.

From a Hunger-ſtarv'd ravenous Barrefter's Maw,
From Revelations and Viſions that Man never ſaw,
From Religion without either Goſpel or Law.
Libera nos, &c.

From *Tools* that were lately turn'd out of the Houſe,
From ſenſeleſs Impeachments Nine Months corn'd in Souce
From *Committees* that chop up a Man like a Mouſe.
Libera nos, &c.

From *Iriſh Rebellion*, and the Blood of the Martyr,
From thoſe who for places their Conſciences barter,
From the Teeth of mad Dogs, and a mutinous Charter,
Libera nos, &c.

From a *City* that lyes on its Back to be Gelt,
From thoſe wont be Loyal, till Juſtice is felt,
From *Pitch*, which no Warmth but a Furnace will melt:
Libera nos, &c.

From thoſe, who for Conſcience-ſake, Rebel and Mutter,
From out *Iriſh*-Purchaſers, and all their Clutter,
From *Omega*'s Noſe when he ſettles to ſputter,
Libera nos, &c.

From

From drinking to Statues and Idolatrous Oringes,
From a *Presbyter's* Oath that turns upon Hinges,
From *College-Green Jews* with *Levitical* Fringes.
Libera nos, &c.

From Lies that are coined out of Monarchy's Head,
From Locusts that eat up her Majesty's Bread,
From destroying the *Living*, by adoring the *Dead*.
Libera nos, &c.

From bringing a *Cloak* to Religion in *Fashion*,
From Sects that refuse the Oath of *Abjuration*,
From the Punishments due to the Spreaders of Treason.
Libera nos, &c.

From the *Pope* and the *Devil*, and the Bastard *Pretender*,
From the *Church* that keeps *Fire* and *Sword* to attend her,
From Militant Saints, and the *double Dissenter*.
Libera nos, &c.

From those who our *Temples* once made *Dens of Thieves*,
From *Zealots* with *Bands*, that abjure the *Lawn-Sleeves*,
From Hogs who grow fat on our *Protestant Beeves*.
Libera nos, &c.

From Pensions to propagate *Foes* to the Crown, (down,
From strengthning the Hands that wou'd pull the *Church*
From Tyranny dress'd up in Liberty's Gown.
Libera nos, &c.

From th' impudent Strumpet that first crys out *Whore*,
From *Foes*, that wou'd lay their own Crimes at our Door,
From a House that augments both our Taxes and Poor.
Libera nos, &c.

From

From *Trimmers* who have left *themselves* in the Lurch,
From *Fanatics* having a Vote for the Church, (*Birch.*
From *Whigs* who have whipt themselves with their own
Libera nos, &c.

From all that is said, and a Thousand Times more,
From *B——, F——, D——, W——* and *C——l*,
From the Plagues that are keeping for *Faction* in Store.
Libera nos, &c.

The End of the First Part.

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